Feeling his utter helplessness, looking with abhorrence upon the black spots of his past life, the *bhakta* groans to God as under for redemption:

(< Who but Thee could feel any pity, who hut Thee could spare any compassion foy this helpless and prostrate creature ? Will Thou neglect me ? Will thou reject me ? Will thou desert me ? Whither can I possibly go ? Where can I possibly reside ? Where can I possibly shelter myself, if Thou forsake me. ? I cannot advance any claim, 1 cannot urge any right that I should receive Thy compassion. The sinner cannot choose ', the prodigal cannot demand, the rebel cannot ask foi pardon or leniency. I can only appeal and implore. I know, I am sure I am absolutely certain that the penitent sinner, the returning prodigal, the loyal rebel arc all Thy children, the children of a loving and merciful Father."

Finding no immediate response to his waitings, the *BJiakta* becomes despondent, begins to doubt even the existence and providence of God and laments as under :

<< How long, terribly long, dost Thou roll me in the flames of thz^, tormenting" remorse and anguish ? Why dost Thou not respond to my wailings ? Why art Thou so hard-hearted and pitiless ? How and why 'dost Thou rejoice in the sufferings of Thy children though possessing the supreme power to liberate them from the clutches of sin and if^ loathsome misery ?• ^\Iy God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken met' I am mad with deep despair. Faith is failing me. Dost Thou d}ho art avoived to exist, exist or not ? Where art Thou whom the

philosophers and sages proclaim as
existing in every grain of sand,
in every drop of wafer, in every breath of
air, in every spark, <?/
jive, in every blade of grass, in every leaf of
bush, in every pillar of iron,
in every loftiest mountain, in every lowliest
vale, in every cloud in the
sky, in every drop of dew on the earth ?
Where art Thou, who from the
licavt of the desert callest forth the living
spring ? Where art Thou who
kindlcst the shining stars in the centre of
the gloom ? Where art Thou
who churnest up the ne-ctar of hope- out of
the deep of despair ? Where
art Thou who temperest the wind to the
shorn lamb and who givest the
assurance of succour not unto the firm oak
that will resist the gale but unto
the frail reed that must weds bow down
before it ?
Painfully conscious of sin and yet too*
feeble to resist it, this struggling
sinner, this tortured transgressor, what
peace, what comfort, wJiat happiness
can he command ? But unto him sunk in
this dee? despair, comes the
soothing, the. 'cheering," the revivifying
thought, that Thou, the Divivii